ARTHUR
HILL
Alive-I was a silent thing
But dead, divine theme I sang
1905

Three Songs of Mattie on Cards

Ahrsch M 1426.

A

COLLECTION of NEW SONGS

Set by Mr. Nicola Matteis made purposely for the use of his Scholers, with a thorough Bass to each SONG, for the Harpsichord Theorboe or Bass Viol; to which is added some new Airs for the Violin and Bass by the same Author, as allso Simphony's for two Flutes by a person of Qualyty: fairly engravid on Copper plates

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Printed for and Sold by John Walsh *Musical Instrument maker in ordinary to his Majesty at the Harp and Ho-boy in* Catherine *street nere* Somerset *House in the* Strand. *and likewise to be had at Mr.* Hare's *Shop in* Freemans *yard in* Cornhill *near the Royal Exchange.* 1696.

To the Right Hono:ble Wm Lord *BIRON*

My Lord

THE following Songs (whose excellency can never be doubted by those that have any knowledge of the Author) were not design'd to be made publick, had not the importunities of some Gentlemen, (from whom Mr **Nicola** *had receiv'd particular obligations) prevail'd upon him to let 'em be publish'd. Gratitude obliges me in the highest degree to present 'em to your Lordship; & Mr* **Nicola's** *as well as my own Interest makes me presume to beg your Honour's Patronage of 'em: for your Lordship's approbation is like the Royal Assent that empowers 'em with an almost irresistible force and efficacy, and your name is y^e^ Sterling-mark that will make 'em pass currant in all Countrys and Ages.*

Musick *has in all times been esteem'd for diverting Mankind with its charms and beauty's; but when persons of your Lordships rank think some hours not ill spent in the Study of it, certainly it ought to be had in the highest* **Honour** *(I had almost said Adoration:) yet how many Gentlemen attempt it, and how few arrive to such perfection as your Lordship, to whom the best Masters need not blush to yeild; and in composition as well as performance own themselves equall'd, if not out done.*

But Panegyrick is not my Province: my business is to beg pardon for this presumption, and eternally to acknowledge the innumerable favours conferr'd upon (my Lord)

Your Lordship's most obliged
and entirely devoted Servant.

John Walsh.

No, no, no you never, never, never

Lov'd like me no, no you never Lov'd, you never Lov'd like me. I'me

sure 'tis but a vain, 'tis but a vai-------n excuse now time and

place and all agree to urge us on to bound less joys If

now Clarifsa you are coy if now the bless-------

-------ing you refuse, you ne---ver, never, never lov'd like

me, you ne--.ver Lov'd, you never Lov'd like,

me. you never Lov'd, you never Lov'd like me.

Soft

Come, come my

Dear let's on to Love, let's on to Love let's on —.—.— to

Love come come for I'me impatient im, im pa —.—.—.— tient

I'me impa —.—.—.—.—.—.— tient grown how fast my

rapid pulces move how short my breath how thick my Sigh —.—.—.—

's my pas —.—.—.— sion sparkles throw my Ey's but why ah!

why but why ah why that awfull scorn. A lass a lass you

never never never never never never never Lov'd, you never lov'd you never lov'd you never,

never lov'd like me you never Lov —.—.— d like me.

:S: repeat. Mr. Nicola Matteis.

It is not Celia in our pow'r, to say how long our

Love will last, it may be wee within this how'r, may

lose those joy's wee now do tast. The Bleſs....ed

that jm...mortall be, from Cha.....nge, from

Cha.....nge, in Love, in Love, are on.....

ly, on.....ly free.

Set by a Person of Quality

Very Slow

When I Corinna's pi--ty would implore, then I want,

then I want, word's were never, never Spoke be---fore,

Such word's as might in her a Paſsion move, who

never yet did con...des..cend to Love;

1st 2d

Iudgment & reaſon, fill, fill her haughty Soul, And

does the ſofter powers of Love controule, whil'st I op=

= preſt whil'st I oppreſt, with tender..neſs & pain, feell

all---------- all his darts, dipt in her cold,

1.st 2.d

in her cold, in her cold,---------- disdain. 1.st 2.d

The words by a Person of quality & set by Mr. Nicola Matteis.

Allegro

No; no, no, my

Cloe, let us, let us, let us leave, let us leave this place, and

fly ---- away, & fly ---- away for ev'ry, ev'ry joy wee

here receve, a world, a world of pain wee pay, a world of

pain wee pay, pay, where un-con---

straind wee both may live, wee both may live, wee bo---- th may

live & have no buisy, and have no buisy, bui---sy, bui-sy

Ey's nor a-ny idle, idle, idle tounges to give, to give, to give dis----

---tur---bance to---our joy's 1st. joy's

Mr. Nicola Matteis.

In vain in vain Clorin-da you pre---pare

In vain in vain in vain Clorin-da you pre pare my pas sion to re-mo------ve your

Scorn may dri----------ve me to despair but can------not cure my Love

Like Spir-its doom'd to las-ting pain, to las--ting pain who ne--ver

ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, never, will re-lent; the grea-ter grea-ter tor-ments I sus-

-tain the grea----------ter tor--ments I sus-tain the les I can re-pent the les I

can the les I can the les the les I can, re-pent the les I can the les I can the

the wordes by my L.d &c

les the les I can repent.

Set by Mr. Nicola Matteis.

Almand's by Mr. Nicola Matteis.

Slow

1st 2d.

Almaine

Symphonys for 2 Flutes: by a person of Quality.

Fluto primo

Figg

Fluto Secondo

Figg

A Song for two Voices by a Person of Honour.

Were I to cure three Nations fears, were I to cure three Nations fears, & settle things a

Were I to cure, were I to cure three Na ..... tions fears, and settle things a

gain, the Jacobites should not stay here, weed waft them or'e the Main. William &

gain, the Jacobites should not stay here, weed waft them or'e the Main. William &

Mary still't should be, un envied Crowns to wear; they should no Rebel have of me,

Mary still't should be, un envied Crowns to wear: They should no Rebel,

No, no they should no Rebel have of me, but still Reign Monarchs here they should no Rebel

they should no Rebel have of me; No, no, but still Reign Monarchs here they should no Rebel

have of me; No, no, they should no Rebel, they should no Rebel have of me, but still Reign Monarchs here.

have of me; no, no, they should no Rebel, they should no Rebel have of me, but still Reign Monarchs here.

Mr. H. Purcell.